

CHRISTMAS COLLECTS.

BENEDICTION.

RECESSIONAL.

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!



St. Michael's Church,

High Street, Germantown.



Christmas Tide,

A. D., 1895.



PROCESSIONAL—Hymn 49.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

V O Lord, open thou our lips.

R And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

V Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

R As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

V Praise ye the Lord.

R The Lord's Name be praised.

CHANT—Psalm 110.

- 1 The Lord *said* | unto | my Lord; sit Thou on my right hand, until I *make* Thine enemies | Thy footstool.
- 2 The Lord shall send the rod of Thy *power* | out of | Sion, be Thou ruler even *in* the midst among Thine | enemies.
- 3 In the day of Thy power shall the people offer Thee free-will offerings *with* an | holy | worship: the dew of Thy *birth* is | of the | womb | of the morning.
- 4 The Lord sware *and* will | not re- | pent: Thou art a Priest forever after the | order | of Melchizedec.
- 5 The Lord up- | on Thy | right hand: shall wound even *kings* in the | day | of His | wrath.
- 6 He shall judge among the heathen; He shall fill the *places* | with the | dead | bodies, and smite in sunder the *heads* | over | divers | countries.
- 7 He shall drink of the *brook* | in the | way: therefore shall | He lift | up His | head.

LESSON.

CAROL.

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

CHO.—O Star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Melchior.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

Caspar.

Frankincense to osler have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most High.

Balthazar.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice,
Alleluia, Alleluia;
Earth to the heavens replies.

CREED.

V The Lord be with you.

R And with thy spirit.

V Let us pray. O Lord show thy mercy upon us.

R And grant us thy salvation.

V O Lord save the State.

R And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.

V Endue thy Ministers with righteousness.

R And make thy chosen people joyful.

V O Lord, save thy people.

R And bless thine inheritance.

V Give peace in our time, O Lord.

R For it is thou, Lord only, that makest us dwell in safety.

V O God, make clean our hearts within us.

R And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

COLLECTS.

CAROL.

Now lift the carol, men and maids,
Now wake exultant singing;
This day the Well of Life first sprang,
Who shall declare his springing?
It is the Birthday of our Peace,
This day, for man the weary,
The everlasting Son of God
Was born of blessed Mary.

He was not born in such sweet days,
As we of yore remember;
'Twas not in sunny summer time,
Oh! 'twas the cold December;
As shines the sun above the snows,
When nature's life is lying
Fast bound in winter's icy chains,
So came He to the dying.

CHORUS:

Noel! Noel! Proclaim the Saviour's birth,
He raises us to heaven, O! hail his coming down to earth.

There were poor shepherds in the field,
Their flocks at midnight tending;
Then angels came and brought the news,
A rapture never ending;
So they went swift to Bethlehem,
And saw, and told the story
Of Christ, the Lord, a little child,
And angels singing, "Glory."

Not in the manger lies He now;
Far o'er the sapphire portals
At God's right hand of power He sits
Who was this day made mortal:
All in the highest, holiest place,
Where there may dwell none other,
There our own manhood sits enthroned,
There is our elder Brother.

The birthday of our God and King,
Lo! we are called to greet Him;
The everlasting Bridegroom comes!
Oh! go ye out to meet Him.
This is the end of all below,
The crown of love's best story;
Christ stands and knocks, O! happy souls
Receive the King of Glory.

ADDRESS.

CAROL.

When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethl'hem in that fair citie,
Angels sang with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria!

CHORUS:—In excelsis gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appearing with great light
Who said, God's son is born this night,
In excelsis gloria!

This king is come to save mankind,
As in the scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In excelsis gloria!

Therefore Lord, for Thy great grace
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
There we shall sing to Thy solace,
In excelsis gloria!

OFFERTORY.

Holy offerings rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration,
To the God of our salvation—
On His altar laid we leave them!
CHRIST, present them! GOD receive them!

Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be,
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
CHRIST, present them! GOD receive them!

Christmas joys we offer Thee,
Thee, the Blessed Trinity,
Three in One and One in Three,
And ourselves we give to Thee.
Off'rings here we give Thy children,
Take our alms, oh Lord, receive them!
At Thine altar laid we leave them!
CHRIST, present them! GOD receive them!



christmas Festival Service

Sunday December Twenty Seventh, in
the Year of Our LORD Nineteen-
Hundred and Three

Sunday Schools of
St. Michael's Church
High St. Germantown
The Rev. Arnold Harris Hord
Rector.

Order of Service

Processional—"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!



The Lord's Prayer

NUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

V O Lord open Thou our lips

R And our mouths shall show forth Thy praise.

V Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

R As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

V Praise ye the Lord.

R The Lord's name be praised.

Anthem—Magnificat. St. Luke i. 46.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
2 For he hath regarded: the lowliness of his hand maiden.
3 For he hold from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.
4 For he that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is his Name.
5 And his mercy is on them that fear him: through out all generations.
6 He hath showed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
7 He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble.
8 He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty a way.
9 He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers A-braham and his seed for ever.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be: world without end.
Amen.

Lesson

Carol—"Hail, King of Glory"

HROM the shining realms of light,
Hail, King of Glory!
Ev'ry land shall own Thy might,
Hail, King of Glory!
Earth has waited long for Thee,
Thou shalt set the captives free;
Joy in ev'ry land shall be!
Hail, King of Glory!

CHORUS.

Hail, King of Glory, from realms on high!
Thro' ev'ry nation Thy name shall fly!
All lands shall join the glad angels' cry,
Hail, King of Glory! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Noonday's light the skies enfold,
Hail, King of Glory!
Backward swing the gates of gold,
Hail, King of Glory!
Swiftly down the starry street
Angel wings in rapture beat;
Heaven and earth the strain repeat,
Hail, King of Glory!—Cho.

Wealth attendeth not Thy birth,
Hail, King of Glory!
Yet Thy power shall sway the earth,
Hail, King of Glory!
Word by prophets spoken long
Now resounds in angel song;
Peace shall be all lands among!
Hail, King of Glory!—Cho.

Ev'ry land Thy praise shall voice,
Hail, King of Glory!
Ev'ry island shall rejoice,
Hail, King of Glory!
Tho' dark Calv'ry waits for Thee,
Wondrous shall Thy mission be;
Thou shalt set the nations free!
Hail, King of Glory!—Cho.

Apostles' Creed

H BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth :
And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord : Who was conceived by the Holy
Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead,
and buried : He descended into hell ; the third day he rose again from the dead : He
ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty : From
thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The Holy Catholic Church ; The Communion of Saints ;
The Forgiveness of Sins ; The Resurrection of the body ; And the Life everlasting. A-MEN.

V The Lord be with you.

R And with thy spirit.

V Let us pray. O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.

R And grant us thy salvation.

V O Lord, save the State.

R And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.

V Endue thy ministers with righteousness.

R And make thy chosen people joyful.

V O Lord, save thy people.

R And bless thine inheritance.

V Give peace in our time, O Lord.

R For it is thou, Lord only, that makest us dwell in safety.

V O God, make clean our hearts within us.

R And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

Collects

Carol—"Happy Hearts, Light and Gay"

To be sung by Infant School only

JH APPY hearts, light and gay,
Have we children on this day ;
Christ is born, let us sing
Praises to our King.

CHORUS

Happily we'll gladly sing
Alleluias to our King,
Bethlehem's Babe born to-day—
Sing our merry lay.

Mary's Child, Bethlehem's babe,
Little children He will save ;
Every heart may be bright,
Jesus gives the light.—Cho.

Holy babe, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
Help us all strive to be
Thine eternally.—Cho.

Address

Carol—"Once in Bethlehem of Judah"

O NCE in Bethlehem of Judah,
Far away across the sea,
There was laid a little Baby,
On a Virgin Mother's knee.

CHORUS

O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Hear Thy little children sing,
The God of our salvation,
The Child that is our King.

It was not a stately palace
Where that little Baby lay,
With His servants to attend Him,
And with guards to keep the way.—Cho.

But the oxen stood around Him
In a stable low and dim,
In the world He had created,
There was not a room for Him.—Cho.

For He left His Father's Glory,
And the golden halls above,
And He took our human nature,
In the greatness of His love.—Cho.

Of His infinite compassion
He can feel our want and woe,
For He suffered, He was buried,
When He lived our life below.—Cho.

Still He stands and pleads in heaven
For us weak and sin-defiled;
God who is a man forever,
Jesus who was once a child.—Cho.

Offertory

HOLY offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration

To the God of our salvation;
On His altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God receive them!

Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from thy house depart:
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;

All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God receive them!

To the Father, and the Son,
And the spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Carol—"Shine Forth, O Star of Glory"

SHINE forth, O star of glory!
The hour of praise is nigh;
The night of all the ages
Is glowing in the sky!
No longer seer and prophet
In doubt and dream shall dwell,
Immanuel, the Mighty,
Has come to Israel.

CHORUS.

Hark! to the song of the angels on high,
As it floats to the earth, from the bright
midnight sky,
"Glory to God!" "peace on earth," hear
them sing;
Christ is born, Christ is born, your Re-
deemer and King.

Shine forth, O star of glory!
Make fair the midnight's dome!
A countless choir of angels
To Bethlehem shall come!
They sing the glad fulfilment
Of seers' and prophets' word,
They bring to lands in darkness
The news of Christ, the Lord!—Cho.

Shine forth, O star of glory!
Proclaim the coming day!
The gloom of hopeless ages
From earth is swept away!
No longer seer and prophet
In doubt and dreams shall dwell,
Immanuel, the Mighty,
Has come to Israel!—Cho.

Benediction

Recessional—"While Shepherds Watched"

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shown around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph: and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."

Carol : "In Excelsis Gloria"

When Christ was born of pure Marie
In Bethlehem, that fair citie,
The Angels sang with mirth and glee,

In Excelsis Gloria,

CHORUS: In Excelsis, In Excelsis,

In Excelsis, Gloria,

In Excelsis, In Excelsis,

In Excelsis, Gloria,

The herdsmen saw those Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said "God's Son is born this night,"
In Excelsis Gloria!

This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised as we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind

In Excelsis Gloria!

Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great grace
In Heaven, the bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace

In Excelsis Gloria

Benediction

Recessional

O Little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God our King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given.
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray:
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel. Amen.



Christmas Festival

Sunday Schools of St. Michael's Church

High Street, Germantown

Rev. A. H. Ford, Rector

First Sunday after Christmas

December 31, 1905

Order of Service

Processional: "Angels from the Realms of Glory"

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sentences, Lord's Prayer and Versicles

Magnificat

My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His hand maiden.
For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His Name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him: through out all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers Abraham and his seed for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Carol: "Sweetly Sleep, O Saviour King"

Sweetly sleep, O Saviour King,
While the merry joy bells ring,
Sweetly sleep, Thy mother pure
Lulls Thee in her arms secure.

Sweetly sleep, the night is still,
Yet afar o'er plain and hill,
Sounds the ever welcome strain,
Christmas Day is come again.

Christmas, ever blessed Day,
Naught can take Thy joy away!
Naught can stay our holy mirth,
O'er the Christ Child's wondrous Birth.

Sweetly sleep, as on her breast
Mary rocks her Babe to rest,
We the Angel's song will raise,
And will carol forth Thy Praise.

Glory to Immanuel,
God with man come down to dwell;
Who to loving hearts most dear,
Lies a helpless Baby here.

Thee would we adore and love
As the Angels do above.
Thee our childhood's Pattern make
And Thy every grace partake.

Apostles' Creed, Versicles and Collects

Carol by Infant School

To the town of Bethlehem,
Hear the sweet, old story,
Came a little baby boy,
From His home in glory.
Jesus, Jesus, the sweetest baby ever born,
Jesus, Jesus, the little baby Jesus

Shepherds on the hills afar,
Safe their flocks were tending;
Suddenly an angel came,
Gently o'er them bending.
Jesus, Jesus, the sweetest baby, etc.

Then they came to worship Him,
Bowing down before Him;
Jesus is our Saviour, too,
We must all adore Him.
Jesus, Jesus, the sweetest baby, etc.

"Fear ye not," he said to them,
"Joyful news I'm bringing;
Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Hear the angels singing"
Jesus, Jesus, the sweetest baby, etc.

And they heard a glorious song,
Bright-robed angels singing;
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Through the air was ringing.
Jesus, Jesus, the sweetest baby, etc.

Address

Carol: "Softly the Night Is Sleeping"

Softly the night is sleeping,
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;
Silent the Shepherds watching,
The gentle flocks are still.
But hark! the wondrous music
Falls from the opening sky;
Valley and cliff re-echo,
Glory to God on high!
Glory to God, it rings again;
Peace on the earth, good will to men!

Day in the East is breaking;
Day o'er the crimsoned earth;
Now the glad world is waking,
Glad in the Saviour's birth.
See, where the clear star bentheth
Above the manger blest;
See, where the infant Jesus
Smiles upon Mary's breast.
Glory to God, we hear again;
Peace on the earth, good will to men!

Come with the gladsome Shepherds
Quick hastening from the fold;
Come with the wise men pouring,
Incense and myrrh and gold;
Come to Him, poor and lowly,
Around the cradle throng;
Come with your hearts of sunshine,
And sing the angels' song,
Glory to God, tell out again,
Peace on the earth, good will to men!

Wave ye the wreaths unfading,
The fir tree and the pine;
Green from the snows of winter,
To deck the holy shrine.
Bring ye the happy children,
For this is Christmas morn;
Jesus, the sinless Infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.
Glory to God, to God again,
Peace, peace on earth, good will to men.

Offertory

Holy offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation;
On His altar laid, we leave them;
Christ, present them! God receive them!

Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy house depart:
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;

All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
On Thine altar laid, we leave them;
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

To the Father, and the Son,
And the spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid, we leave them;
Christ, present them, God, receive them!

Order of Service



Carol,

"Zion's King has come to reign"

Earth and sky with joy are singing,
Nature's heart exultant thrills,
Notes of praise are sweetly ringing
O'er the old Judean hills.

Mountains swell the mighty chorus,
Oceans send abroad the sound,
Isle to Isle in song victorious
Echoes with the news profound.

Sons of men, repeat the story,
O'er and o'er the theme begin
Christ is born, the Lord of Glory,
Born to save the world from sin.

CHORUS Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Tune your voices, swell the strain;
Jubilate, Jubilate!
Zion's King has come to reign!



Benediction



Recessional,

"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing"

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL SERVICE



Sunday, December 25th, 1910.



Sunday Schools of St. Michael's Church
High Street, Germantown



The REV. ARNOLD HARRIS HORD, Rector.

Order of Service



Processional,

Oh come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant:
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born the King of angels;
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created;
 Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.



Lord's Prayer and Versicles



Hymn,

My soul doth magnify the | Lord: and my spirit hath re | joiced * in | God my | Saviour.
For he | hath re | garded: the lowli | ness of | his hand | maiden.
For be | hold from | henceforth: all gener | ations * shall | call me | blessed.
For he that is mighty hath | magnified | me; and | holy | is his | Name.
And his mercy is on | them that | fear him : through | out all gener | ations.
He hath showed strength | with his arm : he hath scattered the proud in the imagin | ation |
of their | hearts.
He hath put down the mighty | from their | seat : and hath ex | alted * the | humble | and
| meek.
He hath filled the hungry with | good * == | things : and the rich he hath | sent * == | empty | a
way.
He remembering his mercy hath holpen his | servant Israel : as he promised to our fore-
fathers * Abraham | and his | seed for | ever.
Glory be to the Father, and * to the Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be ; world without | end * == | A * ==
| men.



Lesson



Carol,

Tell, oh tell the Christmas story once again,
Let it echo down the ages far away,
Sing the song of peace on earth, good will to men,
Till it thrills with joy the list'ning world today.

Tell, oh tell the wondrous tidings of the Star, CHORUS
As it shone across the old Judean plains,
Tell of all the praising host from Heav'n afar,
As they sung on high their glad, enraptured strains.

"O Come All Ye Faithful"

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above
Glory to God in the highest !
 Oh, come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap-
py morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Christ the Lord. AMEN.



"Magnificat"

Carol,

Stars were gleaming,
 Stars were gleaming,
On a lowly cattle stall,
 Where lay dreaming,
Where lay dreaming,
 Jesus Christ, the Lord of all.

CHORUS
Sages sought him,
 Sages sought him,
Fain they would the King adore,
 And they brought him,
And they brought him,
 Royal gifts of treasure store.

Shepherds lowly
 Shepherds lowly,
Knelt in wonder at his feet,
 Christ the holy,
Christ the holy,
 Gladly did they haste to greet.

In a manger,
 In a manger,
Where a maiden bends above,
 Seek the stranger,
Seek the stranger,
 Jesus Christ the Lord of all.

Address



"The Saviour's Star"

Cradle the stars, O soft blue sky,
 Upon your loving breast,
'Tis night-fall, and your lullaby
 Will hush the world to rest:
Bethlehem sleeps, her shepherds dream
 Among their silent flocks,
When lo, behold, a heav'nly beam
 Illumes the shadowed rocks.

Voices of angels wake the skies
 With glad, ecstatic strains,
And hallelujah anthems rise
 Majestic o'er the plains;
Softly the palms and cedars 'round
 Are bathed in glory bright,
They cry, what means the wondrous sound,
 And why the dazzling light?

Sweetly the glad hosanna swells
 In chorus grand and strong,
And tenderly the story tells
 In tuneful notes of song
Glory to God! the host proclaim,
 Exultant breaks the morn,
And near and far the orient flame
 Declares a Saviour born.

CHORUS:- It is the star, the Saviour's star,
 That sheds its rays of gold;
Proclaiming, Christ the Lord is come,
 The King so long fore-told!

"Tell it Once Again"

Let the story ring today,
Down the ages, far away,
Till we hear it in its beauty, newly told;
Let the world with rapture sing,
Of the coming of the King,
And repeat with joy the story sweet
and old.

Order of Service



Apostles' Creed, Versicles and Collects



Carol by Infant School

Shepherds lowly
 Shepherds lowly,
Knelt in wonder at his feet,
 Christ the holy,
Christ the holy,
 Gladly did they haste to greet.

In a manger,
 In a manger,
Where a maiden bends above,
 Seek the stranger,
Seek the stranger,
 Jesus Christ the Lord of all.

Offertory



Order of Service



Yes, the Lord who loves us,
Here was humbly born,
Coming down to save us,
As on Christmas morn.

Let us kneel before Him,
At the manger-throne,
There behold the Saviour,
Men and angels own.



ADDRESS

CAROL,

Angels chant the heavenly song,
"Peace on earth, good-will,"
Hear the echo loud and long
On the midnight still;
"Glory, Glory," hear them say—
"Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Glory be to God in the highest, glory!
Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Chorus.

Unto us is born a Saviour,
Unto us is born a King;
"Peace on earth," O chant the chorus,
Let the world with gladness sing.
Unto us is born a King,
Christ, the Prince of peace;

"The Angels' Chorus"

Other kingdoms wane and fall,
His shall never cease;
For He rules in righteousness,
Rules in love our lives to bless,
His shall be the pow'r that shall fill crea-
tion,
Praise Him, for He reigns for aye.
Lift a song of praise to-day,
At this holy time,
When to Bethl'hem far away
Came the guest divine;
When His star in matchless light
Gemm'd the sky that wondrous night,
"Glory in the highest," O bow before
Him.
Christ the Babe of Bethlehem.

OFFERTORY

"All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee."



BENEDICTION



RECESSINAL,

Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn;
Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God Himself comes down from heaven;
Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.
God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns forever now to dwell;

"Sing, Oh, Sing, This Blessed Morn"

He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fullness of His grace.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.
God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.
Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.



Christmas Festival Service

Sunday, December 28, 1913

High Street, Germantown

Sunday Schools of St. Michael's Church



The Rev. Arnold Harris Ward, Rector

Order of Service



PROCESSIONAL,

"Christians, Awake! Salute the Happy Morn"

Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.



LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES



PSALTER,

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another.
There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them.
Their sound is gone out into all lands; and their words into the ends of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun which cometh forth as a bridegroom
out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.

Psalm XIX

Order of Service



It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant taught; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can tell how oft he offendeth? O cleanse thou me from my secret faults
Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me; so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in thy sight,

O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.



LESSON

CAROL,

Cradle the stars, O soft blue sky,
Upon your loving breast,
'Tis nightfall and your lullaby
Will hush the world to rest;
Bethlehem sleeps, her shepherds dream
Among their silent flocks,
When lo, behold, a heav'ly beam
Illumes the shadowed rocks.

Chorus.

It is the star, the Saviour's star,
That sheds its rays of gold;
Proclaiming, Christ the Lord is come,
The King so long foretold!

Voices of angels wake the skies
With glad, ecstatic strains,

"The Saviour's Star"

And hallelujah anthems raise
Majestic o'er the plains;
Softly the palms and cedars 'round
Are bathed in glory bright,
They cry, what means the wondrous sound,
And why the dazzling light?—Chorus.

Sweetly the glad hosanna swells
In chorus grand and strong,
And tenderly the story tells
In tuneful notes of song—
Glory to God, the hosts proclaim,
Exultant breaks the morn
And near and far the orient flame
Declares a Saviour born.

Chorus—It is the star, the Saviour's star.

APOSTLES' CREED, VERSICLES AND COLLECTS



CAROL (Infant School),

Cradled 'mid the oxen,
God incarnate lies,
While His Virgin Mother
Sothes His infant cries.
Poor and mean the chamber,
Earth could scarce afford
E'en a roof to shelter
It's all-pitying Lord.

"Cradled 'Mid the Oxen"

Round that tender Infant
Radiant beams are spread,
For the holy angels
Guard His lowly bed,
While the wondering shepherds
Come with Eastern Kings,
Kneel before the cradle
Where the mother sings.

Order of Service



HYMN,

Cradle the stars, O soft blue sky,
Upon your loving breast,
'Tis nightfall, and your lullaby
Will hush the world to rest;
Bethlehem sleeps, her shepherds dream
Among their silent flocks,
When lo, behold a heavenly beam
Illumes the shadowed rocks.

CHORUS.

It is the star, the Saviour's star,
That sheds its rays of gold;
Proclaiming, Christ the Lord is come,
The King so long foretold!

Voices of angels wake the skies
With glad, ecstatic strains,

"Cradle the Stars, O Soft Blue Sky"

And hallelujah anthems rise
Majestic o'er the plains;
Softly the palms and cedars 'round
Are bathed in glory bright,
They cry, what means the wondrous sound,
And why the dazzling light?—Chorus.

Sweetly the glad hosanna swells
In chorus grand and strong,
And tenderly the story tells
In tuneful notes of song:
Glory to God! the hosts proclaim,
Exultant breaks the morn,
And near and far the Orient flame
Declares a Saviour born.—Chorus.



OFFERTORY

"All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee."



BENEDICTION



RECESSIONAL HYMN 59,

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men.
From heaven's all gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Christmas Festival Service

Sunday, December 26, 1915



St. Michael's Church School

High Street, Germantown



Rev. Gilbert E. Pember, B. D.

Rector

Order of Service



PROCESSIONAL HYMN 49.

Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant ;
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him born the King of angels ;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God, begotten, not created ;
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.



LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES



PSALTER,

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.
One day telleth another ; and one night certifieth another.
There is neither speech nor language ; but their voices are heard among them.
Their sound is gone out into all lands ; and their words into the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.

It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again ; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul ; the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart ; the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth for ever ; the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold ; sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant taught ; and in keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can tell how oft he offendeth ? O cleanse thou me from my secret faults.

Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me ; so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in thy sight.
O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.



LESSON—St. Luke 2 : 1-14

" Oh Come, All Ye Faithful "

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above.
Glory to God in the highest ;
Oh come let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy
morning ;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given ;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing ;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Order of Service



CAROL,

Oh, season of the Christmas Child,
We hail thee with delight ;
The star that shone o'er Bethlehem
Is mistress of the night.
The waiting shepherds heard the song :
" Goodwill and peace on earth,"
The world itself was hushed and still,
To greet the Saviour's birth.

CHORUS.

" Goodwill and peace " the angels sang,
And struck their harps of gold ;
The Christ of Bethlehem is here,
By prophets long foretold.

Across the plains in silence, deep,
There moved an anxious band ;
The star that shines above them bright,
Is like a beckoning hand.
These wise men came from out the East,
With gifts both rich and rare.

" Oh, Season of the Christmas Child "

Before the manger bending low,
They seek His love to share.—Chorus.

A light within the stable burns,
And from His blessed face
A peace divine, shed over all,
Makes radiant the place.
The gentle Mary, mother sweet,
Beholds His slumber mild ;
While Joseph, in his strong embrace,
Enfolds the Holy Child.—Chorus.

Oh, night divine with holiness,
The world is waiting still,
To catch the beauty of that Life,
And do His sovereign will.
Before His humble manger bed,
We bow where shepherds trod ;
Give us to see His face to face,
The blessed Son of God.—Chorus.



APOSTLES' CREED, VERSICLES AND COLLECTS

HYMN,

Silent night ! Holy night !
All is calm, all is bright,
Round you Virgin Mother and Child !
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night ! Holy night !
Shepherds quake at the sight !

" Silent Night ! Holy Night ! "

Glories stream from heaven afar !
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia !
Christ, the Saviour, is born !

Silent night ! Holy night !
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy Holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth.

CAROL (Infant School),

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby,
In a manger for his bed :
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

" Once in Royal David's City "

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay ;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern ;
Day by day like us He grew ;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

Order of Service



Carol,

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God's pure light.
Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!



Benediction



Recessional,

"Hark! the herald Angels Sing"

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus our Emmanuel!

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

"Holy Night"

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar
Heavenly Host sing Alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour is born!
Christ, the Saviour is born!

Christmas Festival Service



Sunday, December 29th, 1918



Church School of St. Michael's Church

High Street, Germantown



The REV. GILBERT PEMBER, Rector

Order of Service



Processional,

Oh come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant:
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born the King of angels;
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Oh come, let us adore Him,
 Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's Womb;
Very God, begotten, not created;
 O come, let us adore Him, etc.



Lord's Prayer and Versicles



Lesson



"Follow the Star"

Carol,

Over hill and valley, o'er the desert far,
Wise Men sought the Saviour, following
 His star,
Long the way and weary, yet without
 delay
On they went and found Him, that first
 Christmas Day.

Chorus:—
Seeking out the Saviour, trusting in His
 sign,
Trusting in the light of His Glory divine,
Only thus we'll find Him, though we travel far,
They who seek the Christ-child must follow His star.

Great were they and noble, sages old and wise,
Yet the Child was greater, wiser in their eyes,
Lord of wide creation, King of all the earth,
Eagerly they welcomed the sign of His birth.

As the ancient sages journeyed on that day,
Guided to the manger where the Saviour lay,
May we journey ever, underneath His sign,
Lighted by its splendor, eternal, divine.

Order of Service



Apostles' Creed, Versicles and Collects



Carol by School



Address



Carol,

"The Star of Victory"

Within the Christmas firmament the
brightest star is shining,
And pointing out the shining way that
leads to Jesus' side,
And many weary mortals to that golden
signal turning,
Find peace and joy and comfort at the
blessed Christmas tide.

Chorus:—

It glows, it gleams, with rays of fair celestial light,
It stands on high, the Christmas word to bring,
It burns, it beams, with undiminished glory bright,
The blessed Star of Victory, that tells us Christ is King.
Alike on high and lowly folk the Christmas star is shining,
For Jesus came to dwell on earth in humble state and guise,
The crown of highest heaven, and the throne of God resigning,
That we thro' Him might win a home of glory in the skies.

Forever shine, O Christmas star, with bright, unfading splendor,
Forever sing, O angels fair, around the throne divine,
Forever reign, O Child of Light, while mortals gladly render,
True homage and adoring love around the starlit shrine.



Offertory

Order of Service

+

Offertory

+

"Like Silver Lamps"

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling bright;
The bells of the city of God ring out,
For the Son of Mary is born tonight.
The gloom is past,
And the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

No earthly songs are half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies,
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger-bed where our Saviour lies;
No night in the year
Is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the
height
And love still turns
Where the Godhead burns,
Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there,
The clear light of heaven streams out to the
world,
And the angels of God are crowding the air,
and heaven and earth,
Through the spotless birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.

Benediction

+

Recessional

"Sing, O Sing, This Blessed Morn"

Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Unto us a Child is born;
Unto us a Son is given,
God himself comes down from heaven;
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ today is born.

God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth and God to man.
Sing, O sing, etc.

God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fullness of his grace.
Sing, O sing, etc.

God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by him to the skies;
Christ is Son of man that we
Sons of God in him may be.
Sing, O sing, etc.

O, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With thy spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with thee.
Sing, O sing, etc. Amen.

"It Came Upon The Midnight Clear"

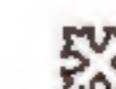
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

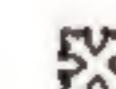
O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

Festival Service

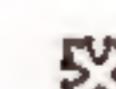


Christmas, 1930



Church School of St. Michael's Church

High Street, Germantown



The REV. GILBERT PEMBER, Rector
The REV. GEORGE L. TIBBS, Curate

Order of Service



Processionals

"O Come, All Ye Faithful"

Oh come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born the King of angels!

Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created;

Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing, choir of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God in the highest!

Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Christ, the Lord. Amen.

"Christians Awake"

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found with Joseph and the blessed Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe who hath retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.



Lord's Prayer and Versicles



Lesson

Order of Service



"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

Apostle's Creed, Versicles and Collects



"The Message of Christmas Morn"

The shepherds they had gathered on the hillside,
A shepherd throng that met in solemn court;
They came apace from far Judean hamlets,
And each a story told of wondrous tidings
Of Lo! of lo! what God this night had wrought.

To Bethlehem, great David's royal city,
Thence straightway would they go without delay;
In doublet rude and roughest garb arrayed,
Beneath their mantles scarlet lined and gaudy,
Behold! behold, the shepherds went their way.

A myriad stars bedeck the sombre heavens
Above the place where Jesus Christ is born;
With flute and tabor and with ringing voices
The shepherd knights proclaim in joyous measure,
Awake! awake, and hail the Christmas morn!

This day a child to Mary born and Joseph,
Emmanuel, God with us, we shall sing;
For though an infant, heed, Oh drowsy mortal,
Redemption's work hath now been undertaken,
Alleluia, for Christ the Child is King.



Address

Order of Service



Benediction



Recessional



"Saw You Never"

Saw you never, in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?
So of old the wise men, watching,
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering.

Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He Who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar,
And we, too, may seek His cradle;
There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion
For our Saviour, God, and King.

"It Came Upon The Midnight Clear"

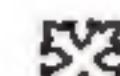
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

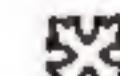
Festival Service



Christmas, 1932



Church School of St. Michael's Church
High Street, Germantown



The REV. GILBERT E. PEMBER, D. D., Rector

Order of Service



Processional

"O Come, All Ye Faithful"

Oh come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born the King of angels!

Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created;

Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing, choir of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God in the highest!

Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Christ, the Lord. Amen.



Lord's Prayer and Versicles



Lesson



"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

O little town of Bethlehem!
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Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
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O morning stars, together
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Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.



Apostles' Creed, Versicles and Collects

Order of Service



"While Shepherds Watched"

While shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around,

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind,

"To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:-

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."



Lower School

"Away In a Manger"

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head,
The stars in the sky looking down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes,
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib, watching my lullaby.



Address



Offertory



"The Happy Bells Are Ringing"

The happy bells are ringing
From turrets grand and high,
And all the world is singing
A Christmas lullaby.
The Lord of life lies sleeping
In yonder lowly stall,
While angels watch are keeping
And at his manger fall.

Chorus:

Ring, bells, ring, bells,
Send afar your thrilling song.
Ring, bells, ring, bells,
Let your notes be loud and long;
Ring, bells, ring, bells,
We will join your happy song,
For 'tis the morn that
Christ, the Lord was born.

All hail to thee, the Lowly,
Redeemer, Blessed One,
Exalted Prince, the Holy,
The Father's only Son!
To thee our glad ovation
With joyful hearts we raise;
Great Author of salvation,
Accept our grateful praise.

No longer in a manger
May sleep that King of kings,
Yet of the royal Stranger
The world its carol sings.
His star shines on before us,
That royal diadem;
While rings in gladness o'er us
The song of Bethlehem.